

Winter wednesdays by OrangeLovePerson

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Summary: Totally random Eleven & Max friendship drabble, just some quality time at the cabin.

Winter wednesdays

"I think you need to stop moving so much, El."

"I'm not moving.", she protested, her eyes firmly fixed on the tiny brush currently painting her fingernails blue. They almost matched the sky outside the cabin now, all sunshine-y and bright.

"Of course you are! Look how smudgy that last one got!", Max complained, rolling her eyes at her friend. "How am I supposed to be good at this when you twitch so much?"

"I'm not.", El repeated, confused. She really wasn't twitching!

"Okay, this one looks much better.", Max stated, when she'd finished the next one, apparently very pleased with herself. Eight out of ten nails were now covered in the shimmery paint. "Looks cool when it's dry, right? Seems like I'm actually awesome at this!"

"You never tried it, before?", Eleven asked, looking up at the redhead. The old newspaper pages they'd covered the table with were crinkling under their elbows. Max was snorting.

"Do I seem like I normally use nail polish, El?"

That was confusing. There were... rules?

"No?", she guessed. Max laughed again.

"We're already sitting here twenty minutes or so, El. If I'd constantly do this stuff, who would be there to beat the boys at Dig Dug and tell them to quit their nerd talk once in a while, huh? I don't really have time for this..."

Max grin was wide. Eleven smiled, examining her hands again.

"Yes, but it's so pretty.", she told Max, who plunged the small brush into the bottle again, moving on to El's ring finger.

"Thank you, but I'm almost sure this stuff will look even better on my skateboard later. What did you say how many colors Nancy gave

you?"

El nodded towards the small plastic bag on the floor, making the other girl pause and reach for it.

"Wow, that's a lot... This is going to be fun!"

It was quiet for a moment, just the plastic bag rustling as Max looked through Nancy's old nail polish bottles, and the two of them breathing.

"Max?", she then said, silently.

"Hm?"

El hesitated, watching as her friend picked up the blue-coloured brush again.

"Do you sometimes ...not... skateboard?"

"What?", Max wondered, her brows furrowing.

"Can you use bikes, too?", El clarified, a little insecure.

"Oh.", Max answered, understanding. "Uh, yes, sure. I used to have one, but we sold it before the move. I always use my board these days, anyway. Why are you asking?"

Eleven looked around the cabin, almost expecting someone to suddenly jump out from behind the sofa or something, but that was crazy. Then, she in leaned further across the table and whispered: "Hopper teaches me how to use bikes, too."

Max raised her eyebrows, suppressing a chuckle at El's sudden secretiveness.

"Oh, really? That's awesome, El!"

"Don't tell the others. It's a surprise.", she explained, a tiny smile spreading on her lips. El wanted to get good at it first, before she told Mike and the others what she'd learned. She couldn't help feeling excited at the thought of what they would say when she showed

them.

"I won't tell them, don't worry!", Max grinned. "Hey, this means you can ride to school with us every day, after summer!"

To her surprise, El's face fell a little.

"No. Hopper wants to drive me. Safer.", she explained.

Max closed the blue little bottle firmly, being done with all of El's nails.

"Hm. That's kind of a bummer."

"Bum-mer?", El asked.

"Yes, a bummer. That's when something's kind of shitty, you know."

El nodded, memorizing this.

"But anyway, at least now you won't have to keep sharing a bike with Wheeler all the time anymore, so that's something."

El didn't reply, focusing on her slowly drying fingernails again. It would still be ages till she could ride a bike properly, she decided.

The prettiest surprises take some time, after all.